

MAN 1[¢]

Junior

NOVEMBER, 1949.

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EVERYTHING
MUST GO

SELLING
OUT

CLEARANCE
SALE

CLEARANCE
EVERYTHING
MUST GO

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MAN Junior

NOVEMBER, 1949.

VOLUME XIX, No. 4.

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Killer die first

*To hell with the future, Bea thought — there
wasn't enough of it left to worry about.*



DALE

ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LAVIS

By RAYMOND SLATTERY

IT was a long way down. Not a hundred and fifty feet like the postman said, but still a long way down. He could see the colored bulb eye of paper that covered the water tank, and it looked about as long as a beach umbrella. He could see Callie standing by with the dinner torch, and all around the white foam looking up at him.

Callie put the torch to the bulb's eye, and the paper flared. Bea pointed

at the platform's edge, fell forward, diving. The flames reached up to him. There was a moment of heat, then the shock of cold, then the spine-breaking effort to turn upwards from the tank's bottom.

He gulped fresh air. I made it, he thought, and now there's only Linda and the long night, with death away in the future, somewhere, too far away to worry about.

In the car, at dusk, he felt good. It was the wind on his face, and the feel of paper money in his pocket, and the picture of Linda in his mind, especially Linda.

There was devilish suspicion about her. He knew that as long as she retained her mystery she would continue to attract him.

"Did Mrs. Bennett arrive?" he asked the hotel clerk.

"I gave her your room key, like you instructed, Mr. Bennett. She's up there now . . . with a visitor."

Ben wondered about the visitor. He cleaned the storm, vaguely annoyed. He hadn't seen Linda for a week, since the show had left the last town, and he resented a third party at the re-union. When he got to the room his resentment changed to the old, overwhelming hate. The visitor was Hausegaard.

"Get out," Ben said. "Go to hell."

"Is that very way to treat a friend?" Hausegaard snarled. "I like you, Ben. I won't see you again, in the old act. How about it?"

"Why don't you, Ben?" Linda said, in her velvety voice that came from deep down.

"I'm done all right," Ben said. "Goodbye, Chad."

Chad Hausegaard staggered. He said, "You'll kill yourself. This hell dive business..."

"Scout's honor than let somebody else try," Ben said. "Get out, now."

Hausegaard laughed and walked out.

Ben looked at Linda and said

"Just how long has he been here?" "You're jealous," she laughed. She walked away to the drink tray, saying, "It does seem a pity, an expert knife-thrower like you, taking his life in that hell dive."

"I like to dive," Ben said. "As far as the rock wall—death comes eventually, anyway."

She handed him a drink, her expressive eyes searching for the name behind his own.

Linda was still thinking of Hausegaard. She said, "You and Chad used to make my money worthwhile, each other in love. But one day he made a slip, and now you hate him. Why, Ben?"

Because he killed me, Ben thought. But he wouldn't worry her with that. He said, "It was no slip, Baby. It had to do with a girl."

She laughed, delighted.

"I might have known it. You're a wolf, Ben, and so is Chad."

"That was different," Ben said. "You angel, Baby, but all the women I've had knew what was what. But we were playing to a country audience, and a lad with straw in his hair fell for the handmaiden. Hausegaard said, I expected him to put her on the hand and send her on her way, but he didn't. She was just a child, and I stopped him and took her from his hotel room and sent her home. He was furious. Next performance, he let me have a knife in the belly."

She looked at him, knowing full well what he meant. She smiled. She dropped herself across an armchair, her legs over one arm of it. He went to her. He knelt and slipped her shoes off. She was his wife, but still a sixteen girl with secrets behind her smile.

The local fair was running for a week. Chad Hausegaard joined it, doing a rote knife-throwing act which was a flop. After three days he closed his show, but didn't leave town.

Ben dove through each hell dive



"Everyone can get more out of a book than anyone I know."

just to be with Linda at night. It was life as it should be lived. For the moment only. It was strange that the certainty of death should bring out the pattern of life so clearly. Eating, drinking, loving. To hell with the future, because there wasn't enough future to worry about.

Linda came to the fairground each day. She would stand out there on the outskirts of the crowd; her face unturned with the sea.

Saturday was the last day of the fair. Ben was killed the two days, one in the morning, one in the afternoon. Linda stayed at the hotel, picking their things. They had agreed that she couldn't come to the grounds today, since they were to push on to the next town that same evening.

Ben's momentary jump wasn't so good. There was a cross-brace and it wrenched him a little, so that he hit the water roughly. The shock of it wrenched his neck and numbed his shoulders. He stumbled from the tank and cautiously wagged head and arms. He was all right.

He went down to the lorry.

"My wife seems to be out," he said to the clerk. "Did she leave word as to where she was going?"

"No, Mr. Romeo," the clerk said solemnly. "She went out with 'a gentleman.' He . . . he took her for a drive."

"What did the gentleman look like?" Ben said, and the fear was like a cold weight in his chest as he listened to Hausemannsdorf's description dropping from the clerk's pale lips.

"Which way did they go?" he demanded.

"Along the main road, towards the coast."

Ben went back to his room. He had a queer feeling, a premonition that this was the finish. He didn't particularly care, just so long as he could finish it his own way. The finish could not have been for all, in my case. He found his old set of

throwing-knives, with broad blades and double edges, and he selected one. One would be enough.

He followed the road towards the coast, driving furiously. He knew Hausemannsdorf, and he had to hurry. He knew why Hausemannsdorf had taken Linda to the lonely road.

He was going to stop Hausemannsdorf. There were things that just couldn't happen, and this was one of them. There was time to stop it. Nothing had happened yet because Linda had spent her days at the fairground and her nights with Ben.

The road was red clay and there had been recent rain. Hausemannsdorf's tyres marks stood out from the diminishing red of wheel rut and soil, well away from the town, they made the only track. The track led him to the coast, to the edge of towering cliffs to the sea itself, abandoned against a background of sky and sea and crashing gulls.

Ben left his own jolopy and looked about a cold path twisting his memory. He had to find them. There were a thousand rocky hollows and wells that could have screened the lovers, but Hausemannsdorf was standing there at the cliff edge seemed to suggest that they had sought their solitude below.

He went to the edge and looked over. There was no beach down there, just a mad honeycomb of rock and sea. If Linda and Ched were down there, how did they get down? There must be a path.

There was a path. He found it, and stumbled along its gentle downgrades. The path turned and twisted, sometimes veering in beneath the overhanging, sometimes skirting sheer drops of rock that stood like bare walls. It was at one of these latter places that he looked down and saw them.

Linda and Ched. There was no doubt about it. They were down there, side by side, close in a rock pool. They were on a flat ledge be-

PSYCHOPATHIC WARD



"Which of you is nurse to the slept-on-and-died?"



side the pool. Ben could see Linda's legs, bare and white in the sun, her upturned face framed in that luxuriant black hair.

Hannergold was kissing her.

"I'll kill him," Ben thought. But it's a long way down, and there isn't much time. It would take too long to get down by way of the winding path. That way, Hannergold would die with a certain triumph. Ben had to get down there quickly.

He looked down at the rock pool beside the lavers, and crossed by its blossoms that it might be deep enough. But it was a long way down. It would be his last hell dive, and it had to be good, because after the dive he had to live long enough to kill Hannergold. An eye for an eye.

A life for a life—and let the killer die first.

He drew his leather belt tight about his waist, jamming the knife there. He hoped it would hold. He looked down. He tried to imagine Linda down there, standing by the paper hoop with a torch, and all around the sea of dunes strained upward. He jumped.

It was a long way. His heart ground into the hollow of his stomach. He felt sick. The roots of wild sand the tame snarling along each side of his face. The pool seemed to set itself finally to her, with him, then it cracked savagely up at him. He had a dazed impression of Linda screaming before the water exploded in his ears.

He went down and down. A ridge of shell-coated rock raked his chest

and bounced along his body to his waist at his right ankle. The sickness walled up inside him as he fought his crippled way upward. When he broke surface the pain passed in agonizing waves from his ankle.

He crawled from the pool, ill and bleeding. His clothes were ripped almost completely from his body, but the knife was still jammed just beneath the belt at his waist. He settled himself on his stomach on the rock ledge and Hannergold stood up, facing him.

"Thanks a lot," Ben sneered. He threw the knife, and the thud of it into Chad's chest was the music Ben'll never take him Ben thought.

Hannergold collapsed with a sob. Linda's eyes were mirrors of horror

"You've killed him!" she screamed. "You've killed him."

"A life for a life," Ben said.

There were no little women's tears in her eyes now. Only fight. She turned away, sobbing, running, scrabbling to the path and up. He watched her out of sight, and then he felt very lonely.

His ankle was shattered. He knew that he would never leave the ledge. When the tide came in he would drown.

Not that it mattered. Because the pain had been so very bad at first, the pain he'd only partly dredged away with the delights of Linda's company, the pain of that useless concern that was the legacy left by Hannergold's deliberate killing-wound. He rested his head on his arms and closed his eyes.

Death in a night-gown

Jeremy was a mission boy "turned bad." He lived, and died, by violence.

BY WALKER HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN INVISON

If Jeremy had not been fit to steal a night-gown from the missionary's wife, three spearmen of the tribe might have lived to be old.

But Jeremy did steal the night-gown and so, in the end, the three of them died savagely—one by a bullet and two on the end of a rope, though only one was hanged.

Jeremy was the leader of the gang. The other two were brothers. The elder was called Daniels, the Young Pagan, the Greedy and the Fat. The younger was Daniels.

It all began when the good missionaries living beside the chain of waterfalls at Nibberg, decided to take Jeremy from his clan.

Nibberg Jeremy was, to all appearance, the ideal convert. He partied energetically about the vegetable patch he was vigorous at the wood-pile; he was earnest in prayer and remorseful in hymn.

The good missionaries awakened one morning to discover that Nibberg Jeremy had disappeared.

He gave no notice of his going, he merely went. It did not take the disillusioned missionaries long to learn that with him had gone a goodly stock of the station's various and—for some obscure reason—the best dressed night-dresses of the senior missionary's wife.

Jeremy took no chances. He

travelled direct to Amity Point on Stridebrooke Island and there anticipated modern romance and modern crossed subscription by making a fiasco in primitive plastic surgery.

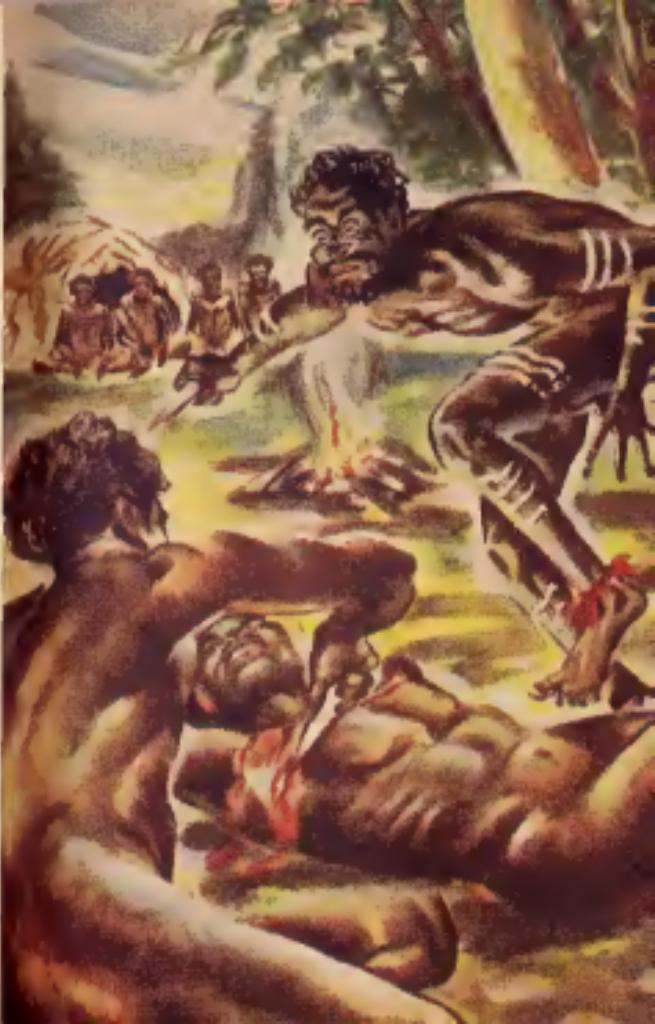
With the levish belief of a night-gown, he persuaded the old men of the Pulu-bunu to carve his body with tribal scars so that he would be taken for one of them. The old men set about their task with a zest, until his whole body was covered with an intricate series of tiny slivers, spaced about an inch apart. Then the old men rubbed clay into the wounds and left him to heal.

In a few weeks Jeremy was sufficiently recovered from this maniacal rite to abandon an uneventful life of virtue and settle seriously down in a gaudy career of crime.

He selected Bribane Town as the scene of his operations and old Martin, the firm muller, as his first victim.

It was an uncompromising hold-up. Alone in his windmill, old Martin was frightened silent out of his

From the intricate series of tribal slashes on little streaks of blood,



constable was to be suddenly confronted by Jenny, armed with spear and nulla-nilla. Jenny demanded a bag of corn.

After Jenny had appeared at the windmill on four occasions and each time had departed with a bag of corn old Master Merton called in the constable-keeper.

A trap was laid and a constable concealed behind the corn bags in the mill. For a day or two nothing happened; then, late one rainy afternoon, old Master saw a feather face at the door. He had learned what was expected of him.

"Here's a bag if you want it, Jenny," he called. "Come and get it."

Jenny stalked cautiously forward. In an instant a life-and-death struggle was being fought on the corn bags. Jenny struggled like a maniac. His gaunt body slipped in the constable's trap and his fingers clutched the constable's eyes. Snatching up a rusty hook, Jenny plunged it into the constable's chest. Only the thick pea-jacket which he was wearing as a protection against the rain saved the constable's life. The knife caught in the cloth and snapped and, as the constable receded from the blow, he dropped on one knee and beatened Jenny over the shins with his baton. Jenny's legs buckled under him and he tumbled to the floor. Before he could rise, the constable was on top of him and had snapped the handcuffs on his wrists. As the cuffs clicked, old Merton managed to slip a rope noose round Jenny's arms and pull it tight.

A boy named Tom Pantic watched—as he used to relish in afternoons—a squad of twelve of the "thousands" march briskly up the hill and fife up on either side of the mill doorway as Jenny was hauled inside.

The next day Jenny was sentenced to fifty lashes and 20 months' military

confinement on bread and water. He was tied to the triangles in which today Bruthane's men sat at ease, while the constable "thousand" were lined up for the show, Gilligan the flogger swaying the lash.

After his 21 hours' solitary, they led Jenny in a shot and trodden marked with broad arrows and informed him that he was free to go.

For reasons best known to himself, he went straight down the cells to the barracks. The "thousands" there were disposed to treat him as the pretender returned. Which gave Jenny the opportunity to take a supply of tobacco and fade into the town.

If the flogging did little to mend Jenny's hygienic proclivities, it seems at least to have taught him the disadvantages of being a lone wolf.

He looked round for assistance, and he did not have far to seek. His two fellow citizens—Dundalk and O'Gallagher—had observed the great Yil-han's exploits with envy and now they were more than keen to sit and chat. They joined Jenny in the bush.

The walk on Jenny's back had severely fatigued before a rider came riding into Brisbane Town, dragging his horse to a lather of sweat. He was, he said with horrore in his eyes, from a timber-getters' camp on the North Pine River. There, in a little clearing, by all the timber-getters, sprawled and bludgeoned to death, while not far off were stretched the pitiful corpses of a man called Grange and a Mrs. Sherman.

The others were talking and said that Jenny, with Dundalk and O'Gallagher, had planted the verbunk which ended in the massacre.

Soon punitive expeditions of police and "thousands" were out. But though they swept the scrub for weeks, the year 1946 drew slowly to

(Please turn to page 28)



"You haven't got lassos. You just tied your tie in with your shoe lace."



"Curses there managers! Always cheating their ten percent!"

its class and no trace of Jeremy or Dundall had been found.

The searchers were ready to give up the hunt when, one noon, a small group of savages were sitting around a camp-fire at Bullock's, waiting for the tally to bell. They were talking quietly when, silent as a shadow, a dark form stepped into the sunlight. It was Mithibong Jeremy, alone and unarmed except for a woddy tucked in his belt.

Without a hint of surprise or alarm, they turned to Jeremy and waved to him with welcome hands.

Jeremy joined them. He sat down beside the fire and the savages handed him a portion of tea and a slice of sponge. He was eating heartily when they sprang on him. Leaping to his feet, he swung his woddy and felled a spear to the ground. He was poised for a second blow when another spear raised a gun and shot home through the head.

But he was still alive when they bound him and threw him on a bullet-ridden day. They had almost reached Brisbane Town before he died.

For good measure, they cut off his head, boiled it free of flesh and made a plaster cast from it.

There had been three little nigger boys. Now there were two.

A Gauger named Pierre Ivan lived with the Palau-burns at Anony Point and, after fourteen weeks of tracking, it was five of the Palau-burns who at last led him to the kill.

One day night the five tribesmen brought here the news that Dundall was caught on the four ridge above the Brisbane River where Widgee Thorne now runs. With two savables and the five Palau-burns, Ivan set off for the camp.

One of the Palau-burns carried a rope with a noose at the end.

When they arrived the camp, the two savables and three of the Palau-burns dropped to the rear while Ivan

and the other two natives went forward. As they had been told, they found Dundall sleeping in his traps. But he awoke and came out eagerly when Ivan poured the rum. While they drank, a Palau-burn stood beside Ivan with the rope hidden in his shirt. Dundall was laughing heartily when the Palau-burn suddenly threw the rope like a lasso around his neck and, slipping it down over his head, pulled it tight.

In answer to Dundall's yell of free specimens came pouring from the savages nearby and hurried a shower of spears and warclubs. But Ivan and the two Palau-burns clutched on the rope and began to drag Dundall down hill towards the town.

Dundall's arms were free of the noose and the rope was drawn tight round his neck. Dundall, too, was dead.

There had been three little nigger boys. Now there were only one. But nine years were to pass before Dundall would be joined his friends.

He was innocently falling a tree for a Bullock's brickmaker named Musso when the police took him by surprise. He was too astonished even to try to run and without a struggle he was ledged in the cells.

They brought him in the middle of Brisbane Town on January 5, 1885.

As Dundall, the Wonga Pigeon, the Greedy and the Fat, went to the gallows, the tribes were thick on Observatory Hill.

Green the hangman placed the black cap on his head and drew the bolt. Green manipulated the length of the rope and the drag Dundall's feet were crooking through the trap down onto the coffin beneath the scaffold and he bounded back into the air as Green snatched the coffin away.

He swung for a moment. Then Green straightened him by the legs, bending them back, the hangman tied them upwards and, slipping his arms through them, hung on them with his full weight until Dundall was dead.



"Pest! Just a minute!"

A Date

"If your own son's guilty, get him," was Mitchell's creed



ILLUSTRATION

By GLENN LOW

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK SEALEY

A GUY can let himself think about it until it makes his skin go tight and crawl on his flesh and little shivers of sickness go up and down his neck. It's tough enough for a man to endure—the stomach and the bowels and the retion company, the awful cataractous, the feeling of lassitude of mind, and the belief that life can't mean anything.

You, it's bad enough for the male sort of snarly to suffer, but for the female sort it's ten thousand times worse.

It's everything when it's taken in a lump that makes the condition grip on the imagination. And where the difference between imagination and guilt? You tell me. It's the whole ugly mess—the mess that should be ugly—that rolls your sense of decency and makes you sick to your soul when you consider it in the light of a guy that's in love and is thinking of his sweetheart being added to the mix.

There and looks, smooch of daintiness and the cold eyes of a practiced jester for my Andrey. It puts a sick lass in my mobile to think of it. A fresh young girl with soft brown hair and star-spangled blue eyes and a complexion that you don't want to touch for fear you'll spot it, this as delicate—locked up in a cell

with Solly

Every time I closed my eyes I saw her there, staring through iron gates, sobbing on an iron cot. Her tears—tears that stripped the youth and love and warmth from her beautiful young body—dripping an iron fence streaks for loneliness and beatings are what tears are in a place like that.

So I'm trying to put Andrey out of my mind and make myself read from the notes with Solly's initials wavy poised over half the front page, when I see Detective Vin Mitchell come out of the terminal restaurant and walk over toward my bus.

By the look of him he might be asleep. But he won't sleep, I thought.

Vin was tall, lean, and hard as snakes. He'd been wearing a beret for a quarter of a century and had promised to deal only one poison. Endure the last! If it's your own son and he's guilty, ride him! was Mitchell's motto.

"Hello, Vin," I said as he came up. "Hello, Pet. How soon you getting out?" he asked.

I held up five fingers meaning five minutes. He was close enough then and we shook hands. He had the kind of hand that is soft and hard at the same time, a hand you feel se-



pliable, but all the time you feel hard muscles beneath. He had the kind of level gray eyes that made you happy to be on the right side of the law when you looked into them.

As we shook hands I was thinking that I hadn't seen Vira since he'd picked up a couple of bullets walking in on a holdup at Keegan's warehouse. He'd been in the hospital for weeks. I looked him over, thinking that he might be a bit thinner. Otherwise, he seemed okay.

I said, "You're looking fine, Vira." He didn't seem to hear me, but when I held out the auto so he could see Sally's picture, he said, "Friend of yours, won't he?"

"I knew him," I said.

He was getting inside the bus when he said, "They got the whole mob except for Sally's latest girl friend, whoever she is. It seems she wasn't in on this stickup."

He meant Audrey, of course. I could have told him that Audrey hadn't been in on any of Sally's stickups. She'd only been cheating with the mob since last Saturday night. But I wasn't going to tell him anything about Audrey. The law didn't know yet who Sally's latest girl friend was, because me putting Audrey in a spot like that? Imagine it if you can. I can't. Because no difference what Audrey had done or because she was last Saturday night, I still loved her. She was still fire in my brain. My blood was thin and hot when I thought of her.

Last Saturday night Audrey and I had had a squabble. It was over the way she danced with Sally, climbing onto him like a wet shirt. I told her how rotten it looked. And did she get mad!

You know how girls get when you hurt their pride. What everybody in the room thought about the way she danced to Sally didn't matter—but to her it said out loud like that was a terrible blow to the girl's pride and

she came fist out to tell me so in her own way.

"And who was I to criticize?" she wanted to know at last. Well, I was her boy friend that was all more than that her fiance, and we were going to be married and maybe that gave me some reason to mention it.

The way she saw it, maybe it didn't give me that or anything. She said so. She said there wasn't any vice in Sally or in her either, and she could see from my attitude what sort of husband I'd make and she knew how other girls had got on being married to men like me. Then she understood it by dancing with Sally again, and more like a wet shirt than ever, but that was just a dare.

After the dance she let Sally drive her home. She did it to spite me. We didn't know then that Sally was a stickup artist driving a bus as a blind.

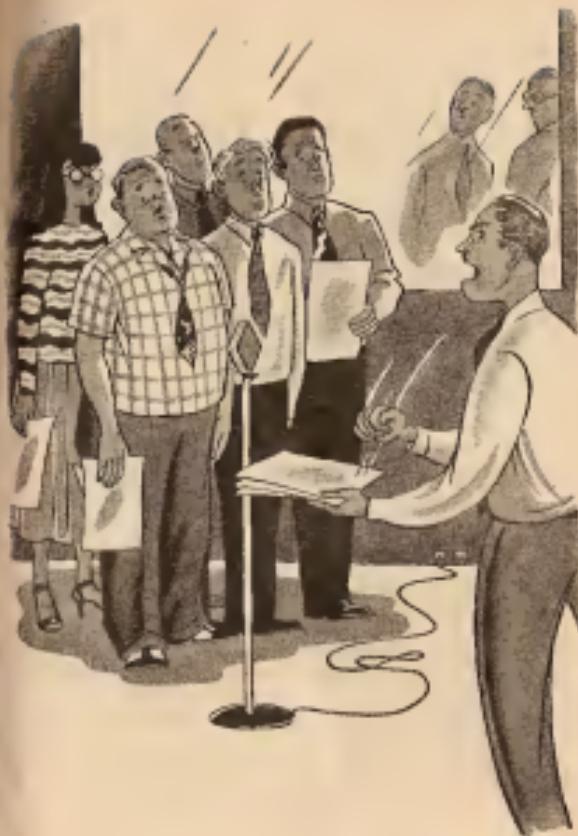
Now I hadn't heard from Audrey since the night of the dance. But with the law looking for her, it seemed right she'd get in touch with me. I was a guy she knew she could trust; I was a guy who would stand by her.

The night bus up there isn't run for profit. It's marked as the drivers' reports as "garage run." Some nights you pick up a passenger or two, others you make the trip alone. Before Vira Mitchell got him he was a regular weekly passenger on the night bus. He had fallen down at Fairmont, and he liked to visit them often.

This night, until the girl flagged us at the Triangle Club stop, it looked like Vira and I would make the trip without any interruptions.

I didn't know the girl was Audrey until she was inside the bus, dropping into the seat behind me and saying, "Put, you've got to help me!"

I wasn't buzzing the coach lights. She was wearing a coat I'd never seen her in before, with the collar turned



"Put, more feeling into it; it isn't for...sandy-pandy's, it's for...Meadowlark children."

up around her ears. Still I ought to have recognized her. If I had recognized her I could have passed her up. Now I had it at base like a stake and let her blab her brains out with a copper incentive.

I tried the one-season excuse, but I couldn't see Vin held back so low behind the back of another three and that the top of his hat didn't even show.

"Puh, I only had a couple of dates with Belly. Honest! I was going to make it up with you, but—"

She started sobbing. I gave up trying to figure some way to let her know about Vin. I guess I was in the toughest spot ever, having to keep still like that while any girl talked herself into jail. I guess nobody ever felt worse than I did.

"Aren't you even going to speak to me, Puh?" Andrey asked after a sad-sad silence.

Not until then did I realize that I hadn't said hello to the lad. "Huh, I'm going to speak to you," I said. "Hello, lad!" Then I lifted the lid of my cash box, took out the baby snub-nose 20 cartridges I carry there, and put it in my coat pocket. There was a long lonely glare of highway ahead. When we came to it I pulled the box to one side of the pavement. I got up then, went back, and sat down beside Vin.

By the look of her he might have been asleep sitting slumped down in his seat like he was with his hat over his eyes. But he wasn't asleep, I thought.

"Vin," I said, sick with the baseness before I'd had any of it. "You heard what the girl said. You had to hear."

He didn't move. Maybe he was asleep, I thought.

"Vin, you've got to forget what you heard. The lad is innocent. She never knew Belly until last Saturday night. She hasn't had a finger in any of his dirty work. He's been smugged to marry her for a good many happy

months, and I know she's on the level. And Tin still going to marry her even if the prison chaplain has to perform the wedding ceremony. But it would make things easier—if you could see the kids like Vin—if you could forget what you heard him say."

I sat for a minute watching him while he didn't move or speak. His patience was beaten by my rambling, working me up. I was thinking that I might as well tell the entire truth and put a nice little hole in his temples, because he'd never consent to forget that my Vin and Sally's latest moll were the same. No, Vin Mitchell had one shining peculiarity. Ed believed in odd a thousand times about him. He had to believe the lie.

My hand was twitching on the automatic. My course was getting up when suddenly he pushed back his hat and took a couple of toots, smiled at me, and said: "Anything wrong, Puh? I must have gone to sleep. Boy, what a dream!" He shook his head as if to clear his brain of the memory of some horrific nightmare.

Andrey was leaning over the back of my seat, hugging and hushing me when I whispered, "He's not as tough as they say. But I wouldn't have believed it about him, if it hadn't happened to me."

"They got to build up a reputation for themselves!" Andrey whispered back. "And how do you know, maybe he was in love like this were?" She kissed me on the ear.

Vin settled down at us as he left the bus at the Paragon terminal. "So long," he said. Then he walked away.

I was happy and thankful to have Andrey free and all to myself again. But I'd just about lost all faith in law enforcement officers when Vin got on my bus the next day coming home. It was during that trip I found out that, ever since he'd been shot walking in on the holding at Kremer's warehouse, Vin had been stone dead.



"Oh, yes. Now I remember. On that day I had amnesia."



Romance

MISSED ITS CUE

By MICHAEL O'SHAHE

Fates would demand a more conventional ending to this drama of the sea.

CAPTAIN GIBBS and the mate,

Skidachie, of the ship, "Loch Ard," cast anxious glances at the rugged, inhospitable coastline of south-western Victoria. Cliffs one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high towered sheer from the water with but small breaks to

narrow-enclosed bays, such as Port Campbell, as gateways to safety from the terrors of the seas.

The officers were green-faced, unable to take observations, and were desperately anxious when, at four o'clock on the afternoon of 1st May, 1873, they found themselves just east

of Port Campbell, and within half a mile of the death-trap reefs.

More sail was set, but the ship would not come round. The anchor was dropped, but the swell, the wind, and the currents were too strong, and the bite of the "hook," too, was persistent. The anchor dragged, but not before more sail was set, and they had carried the vessel into the wind.

Then, in the early hours of June 1 came disaster, far, with a shuddering, dismounding crash, the ship struck a reef and sank within a few minutes.

She was a ship of ill-fortune, this "Loch Ard," for she had been twice near to disaster on her maiden voyage. Captain Gibbs, in command, was making his first trip in her, and her four previous commanders had all died in her service. She now brought death to her fifth captain and to the thirty-nine members of her crew and passengers.

Aboard the "Loch Ard" was apparently Tom Pearce, son of a Captain Pearce, who had lost his life in the wreck of the "Gothamite." Tom was on deck when the ship struck and, diving overboard, swam through the churning sea in the darkness towards where he hoped the shore lay.

Swimming blindly, as he was, luck, fate, or someone but friendly supernaturals carried Pearce through a narrow gap in the cliffs, the only gap for many miles along that rugged coast, and into a tiny inlet now known as Loch Ard Gorge. Had he been carried a few hundred yards further east by the water, he might have been swept to certain death into an underground cavern, where the ocean sheets, and charms, and doubts, and odds in thunderous roar in what is known as "The Blowhole."

The Gorge is a small, fan-shaped bay opening from its side of an entrance to a headland width or but a couple of hundred yards. It has a sheltering, sandy beach, a sandy rock

and gorse-strewn flats, and towering cliffs hemming it in from the surrounding country. It was on to this beach that the rollers shot Tom Pearce, more dead than alive.

Youth at crushed and his senses keen, as Pearce had not long dragged himself clear of the headland section of the abut of the rollers to the safety of the dry sand of the Gorge floor, before he detected a weak cry from the dull roar of the waves and, looking seawards, saw a girl drifting through that same gateway to safety that had opened for him. Braving the breakers once more, Pearce battled with the surf until he reached the girl, and was able to bring her, unconscious, to the shore.

In his search of the Gorge, he measured a cave, to which, after making a bed of grass for her, he carried the girl, and laid her down before he re-committed the cliffs to try to find a way to help for himself and his fellow castaways. Before attempting the task, he searched a lug of spirits which must have followed, apprehensively, the same route as himself and the girl, from the wreck to the sandy shore.

After many abortive attempts, he measured to scale the hundred-foot cliffs surrounding the gorge and, secured, cut and bleeding from falls and the jagged, cutting rock, staggered off into the starved, drowsed scrub of that coastal belt to search for civilization.

A stockman named Ford, who was out mustering sheep, found the wounded, with his torn hands and clothing, and took her to the homestead, where Mr. Gibbs, the owner, organised a rescue party and, armed with ropes and blankets, returned to the Gorge and lowered man over to bring the girl to safety, but when they reached the cave it was empty; the girl had disappeared.

The Gibbs family were passengers on the "Loch Ard." They were emigrants from England who

intended setting as Victims, but the whole family, with the exception of the one daughter, Eva, whom Eric had drilled to that one narrow realm of safety in the rugged coast, died in the wreck.

Returning to consciousness, Eva Campichael could take little comfort from her position, for she was then alone in a narrow, wind-swept cabin with but two outlets of escape—the sea to certain death, or up the apparently treacherous slope to an unknown wilderness, peopled, in her imagination, as fed by the rumors which she had heard, by hostile and malevolent savages.

It is little wonder, then, that, when the shouts and calls of savages, barking-voiced men flitted down to her from the cliff tops, the girl gave way to panic, for not knowing who had brought her from the sea and placed her in the cave, she imagined that hostile savages were returning. She fled from that shelter and crawled

fearfully in the stunted scrub that fringed the base of the cliff. Here the savages found her, and they took her to the Gibson household, where she was cared for until completely recovered from her ordeal.

Fates would call for a conventional happy ending to this drama of the sea and the horrors of a race towards a woman, but that frequently overflows romance, as in this instance, for Eva Campichael eventually married to become Mrs. Arthur Townsend.

Tom Pearce, however, bears a further place in historical records, for he was the first recipient of the Gold Medal of the Victorian Humane Society, conferred on him for his part in the wreck of the "Loch Ard."

Of the forty victims of the week the bodies of four only were recovered and these, two of the Campichael family, and two others, not in lonely graves on the wind-swept, scrub-covered cliff-tops above the Loch Ard Gorge.

Monotony Makes Accidents

An interesting experiment performed by an American psychology professor proves that a man in an hypnotic trance can drive a car over a busy road. Subject of the experiment was a student, who drove for a considerable distance, steering, changing gears, tamping, and coming to a stop.

The trance was induced by a monotony similar to that which car drivers complain about on long journeys. The driver under the influence of such monotony, it is believed, is more susceptible to accident. The hypnotized driver, although able to operate his car, was slow in reacting to emergencies.



Crazy Crimes



THE CASE OF THE MISSING BODY

One morning in October, 1931, the world was shocked to read of the death of the eminent anthropologist, Professor Skunko. It seemed incredible that this man, who had spent years in the jungles of the Amazon and who had faced death a hundred times, should have died in such a simple way. His body had been found, hanging, in a ditch near the village.

Identification had been made more difficult by the fact that the body had been dismembered and the torso removed. The only organ remaining was an ear and it was around this that Inspector Irish, of Scotland Yard took his case. For it was known that the anthropologist had been accepted as a member of the "Man-ko tribe" of South America, whose tribal marking was a flaming arrow piercing a heart. The ear bore such a marking. A knockout, stained with blood, lay near the body; it had obviously been used to dismember Professor Skunko and was made of pure gold. It also bore the marking of the Man-ko tribe.

Inspector Irish placed the ear in a bottle in which he was accustomed to keep his Indigestion tablets, but which was now empty. Then, turning to his assistant, he said:

"The motive is apparent. It is a case of tribal vengeance."

The Inspector was studying the ground in the vicinity of the scene of the murder when a weeping woman started up.

"Where is my husband?" she said.

The Inspector, who beneath his hard facade was a sympathetic man, aften-

ly withdrew the ear from the bottle and extended it to her.

"This," she said, "is—ah?"

The Inspector nodded.

The woman took her chair, and for the first time, Irish noticed that her face was dark and ferocious. He said:

"You are from South America?"

She held her head proudly:

"I was of the tribe of Sun-ko," she said. "Until that Skunko made a Man-ko of me."

The Inspector unobtrusively removed the ear from her trembling hands and replaced it in the bottle. Later, he would have it tested for finger-prints. He said:

"You refer to your husband as Skunko. I take it that you are giving the word a capital 'S'?"

"I am not. He was a skunk by name and nature. He made a Man-ko out of me!"

"I take it you mean he converted you to the Man-ko tribe?"

"I mean he made a . . ." she paused, and lowered her eyes.

The Inspector, continuing, put his hand at his pocket and pulled out the bottle. Then, he said:

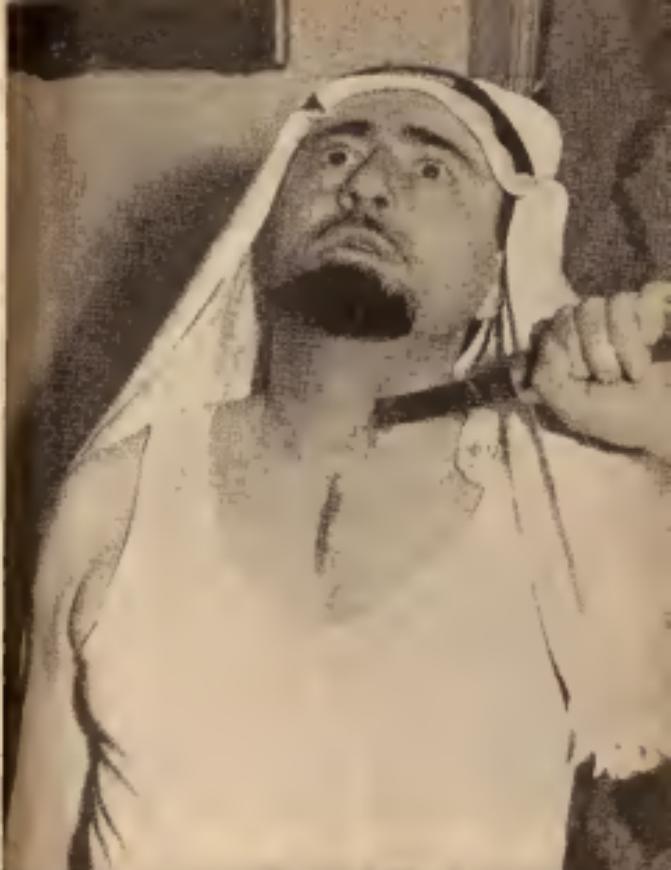
"Miss Skunko, I arrest you on the charge of murdering your husband."

The dark woman stared back impassively.

"Fool," she said. "Produce the man's delict."

The Inspector started and stared at the bottle in his hand. It was empty. Too late, he remembered the steak and onions he had had for breakfast.

Thus, the murderer of Professor Skunko escaped the law.



HE FELT NO PAIN!



TAHIRA BEY was warned of being a man-eating murderer because he would do things to his body that should have killed him, but didn't. TAHIRA BEY was born in 1903 at Gachinwong of Lopburi province. In 1925 he became a doctor of medicine, then studied India and Tibet studying folk and their methods



TAHIRA BEY was fabolous to practice cautive hypnosis in Paris, but the picture on the left was taken while he was hypnotizing a patient before a group of visitors. To pass his misery over pain he plunged dagger into his throat, hood his chest with long steel needles. Feather on a stick is identify needles, proving these to be mockery



TAHIRA BEY could render himself invincible at will. By pressing his thumbs against his cervical artery (which ought to choke him) he put himself in a cataleptic state which lasted for two minutes, and was followed by a rhythmic tetany. His great claim was the psychiatrist, Dr. VACHET, who for 25 years had been trying to prove that TAHIRA BEY was a quack.



"The ability to become as well invincible as pain enables me to live on a kind of oasis as heretics believe do," TAHIRA BEY says—and proves his point. His critics now admit the tests were sharp. Dr. VACHET made many experiments of the phenomenal things TAHIRA BEY did to himself, but the BEY simply replied, "I really do it, don't I? And I can do it again!"

A grunt for

When a wrestler plans to break someone's head, be sure it isn't yours.

YOUNG wrestler Wilke Warren leaped dejectedly against a post in front of Hillman's gymnasium and dwelt upon his favorite subject. That was the giant lumbering against a fate which had given him insufficient brawn to pursue life partnership to witness Catherine O'Sullivan.

"It's the initial cost, not the upkeep," he often told the pretty blonde. "You got five hundred quid saved up. The minute I get another

thousand we set the date, honey." Two items then entered Wilke's life, each to have a distinct bearing upon it. One was a gust of wind, the other a hat. The hat belonged to a bearded man then passing Wilke's post. At that moment, the wind suddenly blew and whirled it into the street. Unconscious of a rapidly approaching car, Wilke automatically dashed after the hat and scooped it from beneath the suddenly screeching tyres.



the Groaner

By RUSS DAVIS

The giant accepted his crown and exhibited from beneath the brash on his face two rows of very large teeth, most of them loosely crowded with gold. Peering through his appearance was, his smile revealed immediately that for the frog rendered he intended to be a friend.

"I thank you," he mumbled crookedly. "I am your servant." He spoke passable English, yet with a slight foreign stiffness. "Command

ILLUSTRATED BY GERRARD LAMBERT

me. Ask, and it is immediately done."

"Well right," Wilke said. He looked again and indicated the gym with a nod of his head. "You a wrestler?"

In answer, the three-hundred-pounder drew himself up and shook his head. "I am Krasnius Palacki," he said proudly.

"The Warsaw Amazons?"

The huge man again revealed his bridgeback and swept a tremendous paw in a pretty gesture across the horizon to convince Wilke that in spite of the name he had no appetite at the moment for oysters, nor in the half shell. "Amazons? Yes," he said with another dandy gesture. "But that is only for the noble. I have study at some of the finest universities in Europe." He became practical. "But when I practice the low, low, I sleep." A look of comprehension spread over his face. "So I must And eat." He made a crevicle motion over his entire digestive tract and roared with gleeful best laughter. "And I have a good deal to feed No!"

"Yes," Wilke said quickly but the Amazons forgot his savory food. "See, this match you've got tomorrow with John Fogarty is your first shot here. How about a story for the "Express?"

"Close," Krasnius Palacki said. "You are my friend. You are not but from being croak like this." He wrung his hands until the knuckles showed white, "we have a cup of coffee and



Resilient amidst a flying tackle and ploughed wildly through the ropes.

talk. You?" He still grinned maddily.
"You."

Willie had a cup of coffee. Kastur tucked a napkin under his chin, sipped and ordered. He ate a large bacon steak, quite rare, a double order of mashed potatoes, a special order of string beans, carrots and peas, drank three cups of coffee, and polished that off with a triple scoop of vanilla ice cream which he generously garnished with chocolate sauce and two bags of peanuts.

"Nothing like what you call it in Australia, a snack?"

"Nothing like a snack," Willie agreed.

They talked, and finally Willie found himself speaking quietly of Catherine O'Neal and of how he needed another thousand before he would feel in position to wed and supply the necessary comforts, such as a combination radio and record player, for the love nest. At that inbreath, Kastur Palski brought his fist down hard on the table and the dishes rattled and the other customers jumped as though there had been a minor explosion there in the restaurant.

"Money?" Kastur believed. "A grand? Huh, that is simple. You owe my bat. You owe my friend. I do things for my friends. With my friends I am stuck together. There was a man once. He was a great man. He risk his life for me?" He showed his eyes briefly as though to forget. "It was the way," he said. "I was caught in her wife and this great man, this Stanislaw Modzylski, went through the mud to cut me loose." He knocked the table again. "For this Stanislaw Modzylski I do anything." He struggled. "But I don't see him after that. He comes to Australia they said. I look but I do not find him."

"That'll make a good story," Willie said, jotting down a few scrawled notes on a sheet of copy paper.

"That, you," the mighty Palski sized a finger the size of a banana at Willie. He lowered his voice, beckoned Willie to come closer, and bent his whiskers over the table. He looked curiously around then before he spoke again. "Tomorrow I need Property."

"I know," Willie said. "It's good. You all the hours around here."

Kastur Palski indicated himself. "Tomorrow I win."

"Hope you do."

"Hope?" Kastur snorted. "Tomorrow I win," he said positively.

An idea began to germinate Willie's brain. He also became furtive. "Are you trying to tell me it's in the bat?" he asked, looking quickly around to make certain nobody heard.

Kastur Palski sniffed a generous snort.

"If I bet my five hundred on you it's a sure thing!"

"You owe my bat from being crook. I make you money." He waved his huge mitt in a gesture that was plainly, thank-you-king-of-it.

Willie wrote a human interest story on Kastur Palski's search for his friend, Stanislaw Modzylski, and then it sat for the O'Neal home.

"Fath, 'tis White," Old Man O'Neal said as he opened the door, "and it's out of breath he is for true."

When he had disappeared, Willie outlined his plan.

"It's a smash," he told the pretty Catherine.

Catherine wasn't quite so sure.

"So was that horse, Morning Glory, that failed in the afternoon but ran next," she said. "If I hadn't threatened to break our engagement then, we'd have lost your money on that dog."

"But, look," Willie argued. "The guy knows what he is doing. It's a fix. Why shouldn't we cash in on it?" Catherine wavered. "Well . . ."

(Please turn to page 42)



"Don't you ever knock?"



Lookin' on the sunny side
Is well worthwhile on any beach
What you see at high or low tide
May be well worth your while
Let these simple words be your guide
Take the chances that come,
For the guy that never has tried
Is the one who never won a prize

Produced by Louis B. Mayer
by RKO Radio Pictures

"He gave me the script," Willie insisted. "He won the first fall and lost the second. Then he takes the third. It's the first time Fogarty has lost here and there's a big buildup for a rematch. It'll be a terrific upset and the rematch will pack them in."

"I suppose . . ."

"Look," Willie said. "I drew out my five hundred. I can't beat it because everybody knows I'm with the 'Express' and if they saw me looking like that they'd suspect something. You take a hundred and beat up the rest. Give your Dad and brothers each a hundred. Don't tell them anything except who to bet on."

"I won't have anything to do with it."

Willie played trump. "As I love you, Catherine," he said, "this means that our future becomes the present. We can go down and arrange it the day after tomorrow. Think of it. Next week we will be Mr and Mrs Willie Warren."

That was the convinser. And then the lovers spent the rest of the evening making plans for an immediate wedding and honeymoon. When Willie kissed her good night Catherine was heartily enthusiastic.

"I'll call you as soon as the hours are over," Willie said.

Kazimir, the Amazan, was the first fall according to the script and Willie peacefully contemplated the immediate future with the pretty Catherine at his side. Life was full and rosy and the world a great place to live and love.

Fogarty won the second fall and it was obvious to Willie that Kazimir had taken the easy way. The bigman winked at him as he left the ring for his dressing room and Willie trudged along. They were working in Russian rules—a break between falls. The Warsaw Amazan spread his bulk on a rubbering table and the room smelt sour for Willie.

"Now I fix him good," Kazimir grunted. "He lasts two minutes."

There was a sudden disturbance in the hall, the door burst open, and a thin, seemingly startled man catapulted into the room. He stared at the Amazan who frowned and rolled his head to glare at the intruder.

"Kazimir Poliakoff!" he screamed.

"Stanislaw Modjukoff!" the giant roared. He leaped across the room and pounced the newcomer to him.

And then the two great friends wept openly and unashamed.

"It stands in the paper you look for me," Stanislaw said as he stood back and regarded his friend. "I don't know until then this Amazan he is a good friend, Kazimir Poliakoff!"

Kazimir drew himself up. "Convinced me," he said.

A look of foreboding crossed the face of Stanislaw. Plainly he had something to say.

"You win?" he asked.

The wrestler beat upon his chest. "I win," he thundered.

But instead of appearing overjoyed, the face of Stanislaw lengthened.

"You are sad?" Kazimir asked.

"I don't follow much the result," Stanislaw said. "But they tell me that Fogarty he is good one. So I take my money." He shrugged modestly. "To some, not much. To me, all. I bet on Fogarty." He paused. "Kazimir wins Stanislaw know."

That was grave news to the great. He explored possibilities. "Kazimir loses? Stanislaw wins?" He met the crisis with a noble heart. "I do anything for Stanislaw Modjukoff. We are stick together." Then he made his decision with solemn finality. "Kazimir loses."

That was grave news, indeed, to Willie.

"But my five hundred . . ." he protested weakly.

"I am sorry," Kazimir said. "My bet. It is crash." He waved his hand. "Poof, I buy another." He levelled a finger at Willie. "My life



"Your sermon on economy seemed to make quite an impression, Reverend."

It is enough. I have no more." He paused to catch his breath. "Willie the drama at the moment. That," he said, "is Showboat Medley."

The boys didn't quite get the drift of the sentence in the concluding fall. But it was too plain to Willie. Androos to have his shoulders pressed for the count of three to keep his friend from bankruptcy. Kastur Palsson left himself wide open arms and ankles, but the bewhiskered John Fogarty, aware of the original script, failed to take advantage. Both men seemed almost obviously, pathetically anxious to lie down on the mat and be adjudged the losers.

Kastur finally took matters into his own hands, ploughing through the ropes in a wild dive after missing a flying tackle. Rolling from the ring apron, he fell to the floor where he took the full, though hesitant, count of a perplexed referee. An embarrassed Fogarty accepted the accolade as the winner and fled from the ring.

It was well past midnight before the shattered Willie summoned courage to call Catherine O'Neill.

"Did you get the money down?" "Yes," Catherine replied, "but . . ." "Okay, okay," Willie said, his world in ruins.

"Your pal, Palsson, must have told others it was a crock," Catherine said testily. "The odds were ten to one he would win."

"He didn't," Willie said.

There was silence for a moment.

"Let's get this straight," she said. "I bet a hundred on the Assam and lost?"

"Yes," Willie said. "I'm a fool."

Catherine's long shriek startled him.

"These long odds were too tempting to my Dad and brothers," she screamed. "And Dad said 'sure' and we Bergs must stick together, and why would the O'Neals anyway be after betting odds a tenth of a lad named Fogarty?" We win four thousand pounds!"



"You can wipe the pleased expression. I'm just getting some things ready for dry-cleaning."

The Cold, Cold Ground

Thirty-seven years after he was born, he was picked up in a Bowery dive-house . . . a broken skeleton suffering from malnutrition, skeletoitis and an apparently self-inflicted rash in the neck. But in his short life, he gave to the world a series of the most nostalgic songs ever written.

Nobody at first recognized him, and he died three days later. His name was Stephen Foster.

His songs, "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Mama's in the Cold, Cold Ground," were it is said, inspired by his yearning for his dead mother who, in her attempt to shield him from the world's troubles, had prevented him from becoming emotionally involved.

The theory has substance—for Stephen Foster, creator of those haunting Southern songs, never travelled into the land of the negroes

By JACK PEARSON

When the Blue Bay pirates sent ransom
notes, it was wise to pay up—first time.



Piracy WITH ALL MOD. CONS.

THE boys of Blue Bay are back in
business again—much refreshed
after a short closure for repairs and
reconvalescence. And this time they have
returned equipped with all the best
modern gadgets.

When I first looked down from the
air on Blue Bay, it seemed to be just
another innocently thriving fishing
community on the coast of China be-

tween Hong Kong and Shanghai. But under this deceptive exterior it has
for hundreds of years been the home of
an bloody-minded crew of
pirates so ever-fond of robbing mer-
chant to the sharks of the South
 Seas.

These swine were at their peak al-
most exactly 100 years ago when their
leader—a homicidal character with

the fascinating name of Shep-ay-tai
—was collecting such profit from a
series of murder, rape and general
mayhem that he felt justified in re-
taining the title of Red-Skinned Mandar-
in which the Chinese Government
offered him as a bribe if he would
dismantle his nasty occupation.

As a matter of fact, Shep was too
successful. When his better-tempered
neither-homicidal individual called
Chin Aape—had murdered two British
officers rather wantonly in the
streets of Hong Kong, the Admiral in
command of the Chinese Station came
to the understandable conclusion that
Shep was unlikely to go toe-toe.

To demonstrate his disapproval, the
Admiral sent out Captain J. C. Deltrye,
Hay aboard H.M. Ship "Caledonia," accompanied by several
other naval vessels and—for some ob-
scure reasons—the Orient Company's
steamer, "Centurion."

Captain Deltrye Hay proceeded to
Blue Bay. There after a 45-minute
bombardment, he impounded twenty-
three piratical junks (averaging 300
tons and mounting from 12 to 18 guns)
three new ones on the stocks and two
small dock-yards.

It says something for the military
influence which the British Navy then
exercised on the China Coast that, of the
1800 pirates who manned the junks
400 were killed and the rest dispersed
for the loss of one Britisher (injured).

An economic depression immediately
fell on Blue Bay business. But its full effect was felt only gradually.
As late as 1918 the Blue Bay boys were
still active enough to send a fleet of
junks close to Australian waters
where they narrowly failed to capture
the steamer "Bequia," on her way
from Australia to Hong Kong with
212 Chinese in the hold.

The real depression did not set in
until about 1938. Then, for the next
6 years, Blue Bay business was in
the doldrums. Now and again a few

of the more enterprising souls did
manage to cut out a tidy Chinese
pork or to slit the throat of a wan-
dering fisherman but, all in all, piracy
proved exceedingly unprofitable and
even its more ardent exponents were
deterred by the almost one hundred
per cent likelihood that they would
swiftly depart this life on the end of
a rope.

The Pacific War came as a God-
send to Blue Bay. The Blue Bay boys
had never had much affection for the
unyielding Japanese and they were only
too happy to accept modern weapons
for the laudable purpose of assassinating
any Nipponese they might accost.

They were cheerfully engaged in
this pastime when the Japanese su-
ddenly left them at something of a
dead-end.

They had any amount of weapons
but no apparent cause for using them. They were not long in dis-
covering an opportunity.

Chang Kee-Shak plied down an
expert embargo on China's coasts and
all good seafarers breasted a deep
ough of relief. Soon scores of junks
were running a shuttle-service from
Hong Kong and other points East
eagerly availing their usual com-
petitors of the forbidding benefits of
Western civilization in return for large
bundles of Chinese dollars, or much,
better, weighty bars of gold.

The Blue Bay boys hastened to cash
in on this traffic. As the whole pro-
ceedings were highly illegal, they had
more or less of a free hand. Junk after junk began mysteriously to disappear
and Hong Kong waterfront became
cluttered with the distressed—though naturally sorted—wrecks of
disconsolate exponents whose entire
stock-in-trade had suddenly been left
from them.

It might not have been so bad if the
Blue Bay boys had not followed nor-
mal smuggling procedure and turned
the confiscated Hong Kong cargo up-

river to Canton to wholesale them there. But they did—and so added insult to injury.

They had made Canton a racketeer's paradise from which Al Capone's Chicago could have derived inspiration because by the time Chiang Kai-Shek now openly offended and sent his millionaire brother-in-law, Dr. T. V. Soong, to govern the city.

Dr. Soong started things going with a loud, verbal broadside. After announcing his whale-choked distaste for any smuggler of any kind, he issued a public statement warning the Biau Bay boys that he took a particularly dim view of them. He went so far as to hint that they must either desist from their profitless hi-jacking—or else!

The Biau Bay boys laughed a hearty belly-laugh and promptly replied with a counter-statement. In this they warned Dr. Soong that, if he did not cease making show of his private enterprise, they would take steps to show him the error of his ways.

When Dr. Soong responded with the Chinese equivalent of a vulgar raspberry, they set out to show him.

What happened to the "Fushan," a river-steamer running between Canton and Hong Kong, was the result.

As usual, the "Fushan" left Canton enroute to burning-point with chickens in crops, end-on-end wicker-baskets and pickled Chinese. It was half-way to the sea when there was a blinding flash and a resounding bang.

The Japanese, during the Occupation, had mined the waters around Hong Kong and Canton very thoroughly. After the Japanese surrendered, the Biau Bay boys had, with an eye on the future, collected a wide assortment of these mines. They had gone to the trouble of stringing some of them in a line across the river. It was one of these which the "Fushan" had struck.

What occurred next should the

"Fushan" can never be adequately described. Enough to say that the Chinese passengers叙述 it was their last. In the panic hundreds were either trampled to death or drowned. They were still casting creeps when, in Canton, a Reuters correspondent—who but for a farewell party the night before, would have been aboard the "Fushan"—hove a long sigh of what and related the first news of the scourge to Hong Kong.

Dr. Soong hastily summoned paramilitary squads of soldiers. The Biau Bay boys laughed a hearty belly-laugh and, prior to paramilitary retirement, watched unashamed from their hiding places while the paramilitary paraded the river banks.

A few weeks later they found the coast clear enough to emerge. The Dutch-owned steamer, "Tjilatjap," was about twelve miles out of Hong Kong. She avoided a tangled crowd of Chinese steamer passengers and a contingent of gold. An officer was reckoned with an ungentlemanly sterio to find but nose bitten rubbed by a small and mindlessly-licensed Chinese. It did not seem an occasion for argument. Without quibbling and unassisted by plain-jane as the ribs, the officer allowed himself to be conducted to the bridge. There he was appalled to find the rest of the ship's command surrounded by a varied collection of cutlasses ranging from letter-knives to daggers.

On the docks below, other Chinese—armed with an even more lethal assortment of cutlery—were arranging a line-up of the passengers. Still others were carrying cargo from the holds.

None of the "Tjilatjap's" officers seem to have been inclined to be telltold but, before they were herded away to be locked in their cabin, they had time to recheck a junk and several seafarers swinging into the



"You'll need my house detective? He's the guy that's annoying me!"



shops again. When, some hours later, a hurried hand released them, they found that the junk and the passengers had departed.

With them had gone most of the cargo: the amount of gold and a selection of wealthy Hong Kong Chancery, including one million-dollar note which a millionaire.

All the business offices could say was that suddenly each had had a gun-man at his elbow. How the gun-men had got there and whence they had come, no one knew. It had apparently happened. But whatever plagued the raid, it was one of the most daring and the most successful on the China Coast. Everything had gone off with split-second timing—even to the rendezvous with the passengers and the junk. The Hua Bay boys had scored again.

I was in Hong Kong when the first ransom notes appeared. In the courteous manner of the Hua Bay boys, these introductory epistles were couched in the most polite terms. They merely stated that So-and-So and So-and-so were being "entertained" and could be "contacted" after the payment of Dollars Such-and-Such.

But the recipients were under no

illusions. They knew what to expect. If the first note did not receive a satisfactory response, it was apt to be followed by a second note, couched in tamer terms and possibly with a portion of the "guests" car attached. If this note, too, drew no reply, it would be followed by other notes—each progressively less polite and each bearing some other portion of the "guests" anatomy.



With the Hua Bay boys, it paid to pay up.

In view of which it is, perhaps, only too obvious that most of the notes were honored without the formality of calling on the Hong Kong police—and the Hua Bay boys had another belly-laughs.

That was in 1947 and it seems to have inspired Hua Bay to bigger things. The master-stroke came last year.

There is a daily flying-boat service between Hong Kong and Macao, the Portuguese city not far away on the Chinese coast. Late one afternoon Hong Kong was startled to hear that the plane had crashed near Macao.

Rescue launches which went out salvaged one injured and semi-drowned Chinese, clinging to a life-raft. That was all.

At first, it seemed just another of those unpredictable accidents of the air. But, before long, it leaked out that the plane had been loaded with a quantity of gold and that the lone Chinese was sufficiently revived to talk.

From his sketchy and half-journalistic story, Hong Kong police deduced enough to reconstruct the affair.

The boys of Hua Bay have always been closely linked with the Triad, the powerful secret society which by blackmail and murder holds a tight control on Chinese life.

The Triad is one of those Chinese associations which draws its funds from no source on which anyone has any particular touch. It lives mainly on the kidnapping of coolies and collectors of funds, sent by Hong Kong



men, from the earnings of tea-sellers and of prostitutes.

In my own time, it was the Triad which kidnapped a British schoolmaster and left him tied in a half-demolished black-house with a dozen Chinese and the girl with whom he had been walking up the slopes towards the beach beyond Stanley Jail, and the broken hospital where Japanese storm-troopers bayoneted nurses

and wounded men at their bedsides. The Triad men took the Chinese and left the school-master sitting at the desk of a Hong Kong newspaper that night. I had a ring from the school-master; he said he never expected to see his fellow captive again.

Evidence showed that the Triad wanted the Macao gold. Other Triad men or some of the Hua Bay boys hooked on the plane as passengers somewhere close to Macao they stopped their hold-up. The idea seems to have been to force the plane to land and unload the gold into company.

The plane might have succeeded if it had not been for the second pilot. One bandit was holding a revolver to the back of the pilot's neck and another was threatening the passenger with a rifle when the second pilot seized a spanner and took a hand in the game.

The Chinese survivor had seen his rush the air-ports. The rest is history in the hurry-hurly as the plane reached into the sea. Bandits, passengers and crew all dead.

The Hua Bay master-crop had harvested. But, if I know anything about them, they will not be unduly depressed. It may take more than a minor naval action to finish them this time.



death pays a dividend



Though crime doesn't pay, the reporter found it nice to keep the conifer's secret.

By RALPH BERARD

WELL, Master Thomas, at least I've decided to tell about Petersen's murder. I'm not telling you just because you're a newspaper man. I'm telling about it. You've brought me something you've kept me company. You were miffed about that. You were working on a story. Now you're going to get it. But I don't think you're gonna print it. There's conditions attached to it, or I wouldn't be telling.

You see, Master Thomas, Petersen was an old bachelor. He was fifty years old, a little blood-shouldered man who lived alone out on the Kettle-Auburn turnpike. Dan Harlow, Petersen's best friend, lived further down the road. They both had cats, a living room chandelier, silicon eggs, marmalade, kiwiberries and things like that. Petersen was twenty years older, but he was more aristocratic and thrifty. John Harlow had grown old and lazy already at thirty, and was searching for an easy way to get by.

Saturday nights, Eliza Dugong, who lived half a mile west, and Sam Kodak from Koda would often stop at Petersen's and play pinochle. Harlow would be there, too. They'd

have some whisky. Ben Kodak and Dugong both figured they'd never seen nor smelled between Harlow and Petersen.

That's why Harlow got life instead of the chair. In spite of the evidence the Moline jury couldn't quite believe Dan Harlow had killed his best friend.

Well one day Harlow and Petersen were hunting bear. It was hot. Harlow had a bottle of whisky, and they each took a drink. "Pretty hard work," Harlow cracked his lips and smiled at his friend. "For the little money there is in it."

Petersen blinked incredulously and enveloped onto his bear.

Petersen worked. "There may be more money in it than you think, Dan." Petersen began to talk. Finally he stood up a little unsteadily and said, "Come on, Dan. Let's show you something."

The little walk they took into the timber that day was never mentioned at the trial.

On the way back Petersen said, "We ought to have another drink." They each took one. Ben Petersen looked at a big old-fashioned watch he carried and said, "Consider this. Thus we prodded some more bear." That big watch played a part in the murder, too.

No, thanks. No more cigarettes.

Harlow took his time plucking the



rewards. It was to be exceedingly simple. He didn't think up any special idea. Everybody knew he was Petersen's best friend. Nobody knew about the walk they had taken. There was no reason for him to tell Petersen.

He chose a Saturday night for the killing. A night when Slim Degering, Sue Radtzen, and himself would all be playing cards at Petersen's.

He had an old 45 caliber revolver. Petersen, Degering and Radtzen all knew about the gun. Sometimes the four friends would use it for target practice, then Harlow would take it back in a worn holster that hung on the wall.

On Wednesday, Radtzen dropped in at Harlow's place. They had a drink together. "How about a little shooting with the old '45?" Radtzen suggested.

Harlow had waited several weeks for either Radtzen or Degering to suggest target practice. "Suggesting" at himself might sound suspicious later. Harlow went into the house for the gun. He came out a few minutes later frowning in a puzzled way. "The gun's gone, Sue. Someone must have stolen it."

Of course, Harlow had simply taken the gun from the holster and hidden it Saturday night to stick the loaded weapon in his right hip pocket, an unopened bottle of whisky in his left pocket and a pair of curves gloves in his coat.

Early in the same that evening Radtzen produced a bottle of whisky. Petersen also had a bottle. With two bottles already available, Harlow kept his in his pocket.

Petersen had a Big Ben clock on the heating oven of his high-backed wood range. "Keeps perfect time," he always claimed, "was an old Nelly here." He would tap his fingers hopefully against his old gold watch. "I compare 'em every morning. They

never vary a single tick—not one."

About midnight they settled their small bets. Radtzen took one parting drink. Harlow drank from Petersen's bottle, his own still unopened in his pocket. "I'm pretty tired, Frank," he said. "I'll run along." He stepped onto the porch and lit his lantern. He was the first to leave.

He walked homeward slowly and kept glancing back. When Radtzen's and Degering's lanterns were out of sight, he raised the chimney on his own and blew out the flame. Setting the lantern down at the base of a certain tree he returned carefully to Petersen's house and knocked on the door.

Petersen came with one shoe already off, yowling exuberantly. "Block again, Don? Found something?"

"I forgot my parasol deck," Harlow said.

Petersen led the way into the kitchen to look for the deck. Harlow closed the outside door behind himself, took the '45 from his pocket, and leveled it. As Petersen turned, Harlow fired once.

Petersen's mouth opened wide and his eyes blazed as he reeled onto the floor, propping at his stomach. Harlow stood facing him, the gun ready, but a second shot wasn't necessary. Petersen was dead.

Harlow's gloved hand pocketed the gun. He rashhandedly picked up a kitchen chair and smashed it over another. He knocked groceries off the kitchen shelves, smashed his unopened bottle of whisky against Petersen's good time-keeping Big Ben, and smashed the clock and broken bottle glass still over the debris already on the floor. He knew no one would ever believe he had killed his best friend in such a terrible struggle. Finally he stooped, obtained a note book and a key from Petersen's pocket, then blew out the lamp and left the house.

He picked up the lantern he had



"You think this is fast, Mildred? Wait till we hit the open road!"

left by the tree and turned the gas into a field, and asking whether anyone found it or not, because his fingerprints weren't on it. He already had the alibi about it being stolen. At home, he burned the canvas gloves.

Yeah, I'll take another cigarette now. You're getting impatient, aren't you? You think you're about to get something you can phone your paper. You know I'm Ben Markow, but you wouldn't have at the trial to see how I was convicted. But what you really want to know is why I killed Petersen.

Well, I'm a man who didn't believe in cold-bloodedness. But speaking of cold-bloodedness, Master Thomas. Why did my brother that killed Petersen have to pass through his old gold watch first and stop the watch at exactly twelve forty-five? Why did the Big Ben clock I knocked off the stove with the whisky bottle have to stop at twelve forty-seven? That proved Petersen was killed before the clock was knocked down and showed the struggle itself was a fake.

Why should little pieces of glass from the clock face fall inside the broken neck of the whisky bottle without the government and over the cook even being broken? And why would my fingerprints have to show on the glass from the whisky bottle from when I had put it in my pocket before I get on the ghost? Putting those things all together told the jury the truth, please, then if they'd been here, Master Thomas.

Oh, the motives?

Well, that day Petersen took me into the master, he showed me a safe in an old hollow stump. Over a period of years he had hidden nine thousand pounds there in a small nickel-steel safe. The safe was small but a good safe and secretly locked away. Petersen always carried the key with him, and also a note book in which he kept his accounts.

Well? What, Master Thomas. Don't

rush out of here and try to telephone your paper from the master's office. You haven't heard everything yet. You forget that I told you there's a knock to my story.

There, that's better. Sit down again. Youh, another cigarette.

Master Thomas, an old man you know. You've been lots of company. You brought me lots of cigarettes. I was afraid if I didn't tell you, you'd get discouraged and maybe stop coming. So I decided to play my trump.

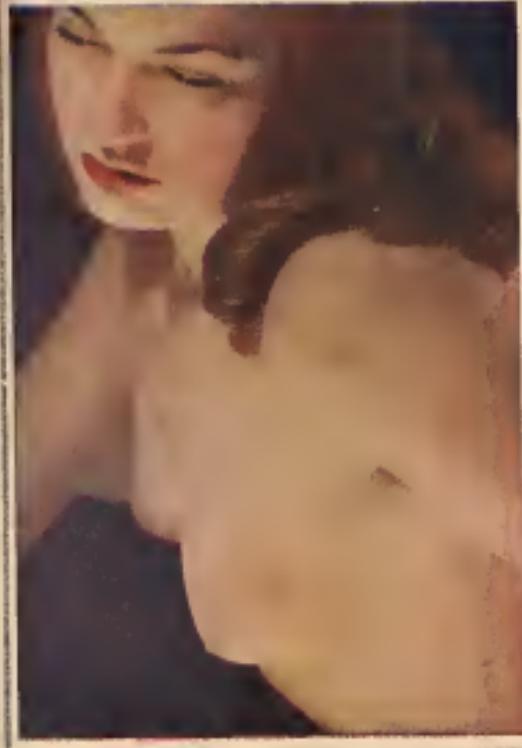
Surprised, eh? You wonder what I just put up my sleeve. Well, Master Thomas, I just exactly nine thousand pounds up my sleeve. Before I was arrested I got that money and hid it in a different place. Even a convict can make a will. He can have it placed where no one can read it till he dies.

Interested, eh? Thought you would be.

Petersen never had birth nor kin, no relatives anywhere. I got none either. That money isn't mine. Legally it belongs to the state. But if I left a sealed envelope with the master that was to be given to you only after I was dead, I could tell you where that money is, then you could go and get it. The state doesn't even know it exists.

Get you punished, hasn't it? It would never be legally yours, maybe, but I figure it could be morally yours if you'd come and see me pretty often, just to sort of sit and chew the rag and have me cigarettes. Of course, if you'd rather point the story, I'll just deny it and say you're crazy; that you just made it up to make a scoop. Maybe I can find somebody else who'd like to gamble on being kind to an old fool who maybe don't deserve it.

You say you'll think it over, Master Thomas. Well, that's fine. Thank you. And when you come again, bring me some cigarettes, won't you?



Study by Moonlight Stories

STYLE IN SPYING

By JOHN ADAMS



She was a spy—in an era when women spied and danced rather than baled.

WEARING a neat Amazzone tail—
and suit, specially made for the
green occasion, and a new pair of white
gloves, the woman faced the firing
squad. She was not strikingly beau-
tiful, but her features were regular
and her skin had an exotic look. She
stood firmly still, while the young
French noble, who, as officer of the
day had to give the fatal order

stumbled when he lifted his rifle, and
gave the command, "Fire!"

Legend states that Mata-Hari dressed
for her last moment in a fine pink
coat—over her nude dancer's flesh.
This is incorrect. But she did die
bravely and dramatically with an
amazing exhibition of grace, according
to the testimony of the firing
squad.

Mata-Hari was a product of that
era in espionage when women spies
employed their looks as much as their
brains. Today the expert woman
spy agent has to be a serious-minded
college graduate. Because chemical
formulas, ballistic curves, and
mechanical computations at the heads
of up-to-date warheads, algebraic figures
are incomparably more important
than alluring figures.

The modern spy must have gradu-
ated in photography from the box-
camera to the high-speed camera, and
must be able to do her own negatives
in the hush-hush dark. She must belong
to the robust type of female who
doesn't give an inch, an inch or half-
inch.

She has to be an expert Diggity and
have a remarkably good anal and
visual memory, because anything impor-
tant enough to be written down is
dangerous, if found. She doesn't re-
quire a wardrobe which exists largely
of clinging gowns—lots of woolies are
equally important for hanging round
dusty airports.

She mustn't drink—well, to excess,
and she has to have her with about her
on each and every occasion. Government
agents today are less interested in sex-
appeal—though sex appeal is as much a
deterrent to success in the spy
business than is any other.

Woman spies of the Mata-Hari vintage
spent their days at the dress-
maker's and the racetrack, and their even-
ings swooning in the arms of interna-
tional executives who obligingly
whispered state secrets into their
dinner ears. Their midwives were
spent-over champagne sippers, reporting
the day's damage to their respective
bosses.

According to the legend, Mata-Hari
was born in Java, the illegitimate
daughter of an eminent person. After
an unhappy marriage west of the
legend, she fled to Europe where she
mangnified; she was beautiful, she was
intelligent; never had such perfection

of the seductive art been seen before.
She had friends among Ministers—
the name of one French Minister was
mentionned, and he disappeared from
public life—among generals, among
Royal personages. Thus, according to
the legend, when she was enlisted by
the Germans, her role was over.

The fact is that her talents were
extraordinary and her motives men-
sane. Her real name was Greta
Gail, and her family were Dutch
hongosans. When she was eighteen she
settled to a matrimonial adventure,
and married a Captain of the
East Indies, much older than himself.

When she accompanied him to Java,
she began to display her frivolous
and voluptuous nature. She spent
money extravagantly and made a
showman set for more than one young
officer.

When they returned to Paris, Mata-
Hari fell into disrepute ways—the fre-
quented a "salon de rendezvous"
and lived on love at full-time profes-
sion. The disillusioned Captain at
last flung her off, and even as a cour-
tesan, she found she was hard-pushed
to make a living.

At last she thought of the weird,
ritualistic dances of the East. She
had never studied them, but it was
not difficult to invent rhythmic
motions that might pass in Paris for
genuine exotic-religious dances. So
she made a spectacular entry as Mata-
Hari . . . Daughter of the Dawn!

Invited to dance at a famous salon
before a gigantic statue of Boudicca,
she was applauded by artists, writers,
actors, and society men and women—the
bizzaro crowd which makes up the
Paris Bohemian milieu.

As a dancer in select salons, she was
in considerable demand among during
international boutiques. She went
through her posturing almost naked,
in the subdued light of Temple back-
grounds.

In her dances, she displayed her
lean, fit, muscular limbs and her

excellent body which lacked corporeal exquisiteness, and was no more exciting to look at than dressed.

One of her most noteworthy performances was held in the garden of an American lady who was noted for her ardent social indifference. While the audience gaped, the spy-dancer made her spectacular entry, nearly nude, on a turquoise-blue carpeted circus horse. She had originally planned to make her entry on a rented circus elephant, but her sponsor had drawn the line at the entrance of elephants and afternoon tea.

At another more intimate function, she unspooled herself—at a high price—to dance entirely nude before ladies only.

Her number was a Japanese warrior's dance, done with weapons. In the middle of the act, she rightly suspected, because of the large shout, that one of the assembled "ladies" was a lady's husband. Never lacking to courage, Mata-Hari neatly ran him through with a spear, in the middle of the show.

During the peak period of her career, she established herself as an important national spectacle, by riding each morning in the *Boulevard des Capucines*. Her alluringly provocative physique looks best on a horse, which was always a dappled grey. She affected an old-fashioned equestrian getup with a top-hat and flying veil. Her street clothes also had an Amazonian touch; she inclined to the military in her tailoring.

Her success as a dancer was short-lived. On the eve of the First World War, she was earning her living by many dubious means, then choreographic poses. At last she was in real danger. Long before the war she showed considerable curiosity in newspaper circles regarding international affairs.

On the eve of war she went to Germany, then to Amsterdam, and at the beginning of 1914, returned to France,

shrouded with a mass of espionage for which she was allowed 30,000 marks.

At first she lived in a modest hotel but as time and prosperity moved on, she moved to the *Albergo Hotel Crillon*. It had two subterranea in a spot—it was near the French Ministry of War and not far from the palace of the President of France.

In her Carlton days, Mata-Hari moved up in the world. She was much noted at first nights, and in notes on the right afternoons.

The men who thought they knew her best, knew her least. These were the magnified young French lieutenants, for whom she made a thousand set. What she wanted from them was news about troop movements; what they wanted from her was the brief story of love. And for a while, Mata-Hari perhaps enjoyed the benefit of the exchanges.

She kept out of trouble until 1915, for she was operating from Spain for a large portion of the time, and was later blamed for the torpedoing of many vessels.

When the war situation in France became dangerous, the Germans considered she would be more useful residing permanently in Paris. From this point she was closely watched, the British Intelligence Service gave an account of her movements to the French. A month later she was arrested.

The evidence of her brilliantly masterfully competence as a spy was so great, that her astonished social friends could not properly protest, and anyhow, prominent about town were viewed with suspicion in French court martial.

During the trials she pretended that her German correspondents were her lovers. But the seven military judges could do nothing but find H. B.-law designation as a spy—guilty.

Her defense was conducted by an aged attorney, Marie Chauvet, who



"Er—got an aspirin?"

had been one of her admirers, and afterwards her lover. When she was condemned, he begged the President to reprieve her, and not to place a woman before the firing squad.

To sustain her courage, he told her that the rifles of the firing squad would not be loaded, and that a mock execution was necessary to satisfy the public. She was to fall when the men fired, and she would then be carried back to her cell.

In the exposures which followed the trial many prominent French politicians were involved. One letter from a French Minister talking of his associations with the famous spy read: "This is the true story of my relations with Mata-Hari. For many months by all the means of seduction which the incomparably comely, she con-

descended to employ the right to enthrall my mistress. I found her tempting but disquieting, charming but mysterious. I was impelled enough not only to tell her so, but to write to her."

Though she has enjoyed, since her death especially, the reputation of being a great courtesan, her real love was the German Government—as a woman said a day she was faithful to it.

Whether she believed her attorney's frantic fib or not, she declined to have her eyes bandaged at the execution, and she faced the rifles with a smile.

She showed superlative poise. When the order was given to fire, she coolly said, "Vive l'Allemagne!" at her last words.

This was a fight . . .

According to the famous Miller's Guide, the longest Australian fight on record was that between James Kelly and Jonathan Seaford, which took place at Melbourne in November, 1885. Details of that contest are vague, but it is known that it lasted for six hours and 15 minutes. For sheer savagery, as well as duration, however, possibly no prize fight matches the bout between Frank Crosby and Harry Sharpe, held at Nauvoo, Illinois (American) in 1882.

The men both weighed 215 pounds, and the contest was to have started at two o'clock. With the referee counting, and excitement taking place about his whereabouts, it was five o'clock before the men entered the ring. It looked as though the contest would be comparatively short, for by the eighth round, Sharpe was badly battered and apparently out on his feet. At this stage, only the patrons close to the ring were able to see the contestants, and in the darkness, the rest were demanding that the fight be called off.

Then, Sharpe began to draw on his resources of strength, and the crowd, again interested, lifted off the headlights of a trap and shone them on the ring. Three hours later, the boxes were still fighting, although each was bleeding freely and nearly blind. Their claws had become so calloused that the men, in effect, were fighting with bare fists. It was obvious, now, that the fight would last a long time. It had begun to rain, and the patrons were hungry. Some of them left the arena and made their way to the stores, where they purchased food and whisky, soon to be put on the "black market" for the benefit of the other spectators. Even the fighters took a mack between rounds. After five hours, with both fighters equal in points, Crosby fell flat on his face—and Sharpe, staggering around the ring, fell across the ropes.

The referee counted Crosby out, and at "hooray," Sharpe, too, fell on his face, the unconscious winner. Both men were carried from the ring.



"Empty? Of course it isn't, you dope! That's dehydrated water."

SLAY 'EM with these



A philosopher is one who, instead of running over spiked nails, assails himself with the thought that it was ever four-fifths water.

One never understands the real meaning of "woman" until he witnesses a woman talking over the telephone.

People who insist on drinking before driving are putting the quart before the horse.

Baby sitter: One who accepts "trash money."

An sense of humor is worth a pound of oomph.

A sartorial is a man with an eye for sartorial.

Tomorrow is the world's greatest labor-saving device.

Experience: the name which everyone gave to his mistakes.

There was the竞赛性的 man, who when she took her patient's pulse, estimated ten beats for her personality.

A successful man is usually an average man who either had a chance or took a chance.

There was a time when it took two sheep to clothe a woman; now a single silkworm can do it.

A bachelorette is a person who won't take "yes" for an answer.

It is hard for a girl to be driven on a cold night without getting a chag on her lips.

An opportunist is a man who, finding himself in hot water, decides he might as well have a bath anyway.

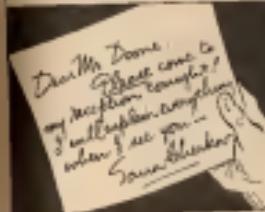
Many a fellow gets a reputation for being snobbish when he's merely foppish.

A night club is a place where they take the cost out of restaurant and put the din in dinner.

Love of money is the root of half the evil in the world, and lack of money is the root of the other half.

Time wounds all heels.

ONE AFTERNOON BOBBIE RECEIVES A LETTER --- EXPENSIVE GIFTWRITING, AND ON PERNFUSED PAPER!

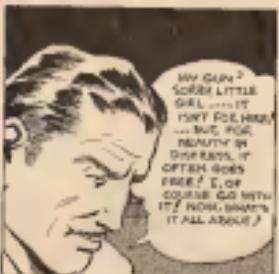
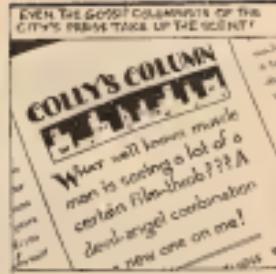


STILL WAITING FOR HIS HOLLYWOOD LOVE, IT HAS INVITED HIM, BOBBIE TURNED UP AT THE RECEPTION ---



BOBBIE, MR. DON, YOU HAVE A RECEPTION FOR HELPING PEOPLE, WEE... NEED HELP, DON, DON, DON, AND REMEMBER THAT FEDDERS YOU HERE TUE, ANYTIME TO MY PAD, DAY OR NIGHT, I AM IN HEAVY COMPANY, I WILL COME OUT ON THE BALCONY WHERE WE CAN TALK.







A WOMAN'S SCREAM --- CULTURAL
VALUES --- A SCOURGE --- THEN THE
HASTY WHEE OF WASHING GEAR
--- AND SCIENCE!



NEXT DAY THE NEWS BURSTS IN A SHOCKED COMMUNITY. THE LOVELY SONIA... VANISHES FROM UNDER THE NOSE OF THE TOUGHEST JACKED-BURSTER OF THEM ALL. F



A HALF-HOUR BASSOON WITH A BROWN, TRAVEL STASHED TO FIT THE C. . .



AT THE C.I.A. OFFICE OF INTELLIGENCE -
INTELLIGENCE, LEWIS FLEMING



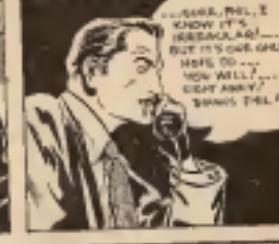
ANSWERING THAT FURTHER QUESTION—IS IT FUTILE, DOCKLAND TRAINING, TALK IT OVER,
IT'S WHOLELY, DEN'T KNOW, BUT SURELY
WE COULD TRY HOME
SCHOOL, FORTUNATELY,
THEIR CHILDREN ARE THE FORTUNATE, IS
JUST ONE CHANCE—... AND HE'S A FOOL
OF HIMSELF.



IN A SHORT TIME, THE EMPIRE ALREADY
IS BEING INTRODUCED TO ZELLA, RUMPH
— MR. PHILIP IS GOING TO ASK YOU A FEW
QUESTIONS ABOUT SOUP, ZELLA —

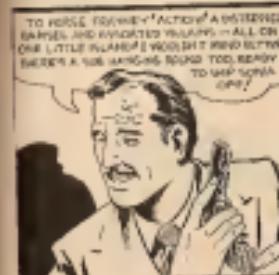


WITH NO FURTHER DELAY, WE WILL FIGHT
THE ENTITLED AND ALREADY ---



ПРИЧЕМ, МНОГИЕ РЕЗУЛЬТАТЫ — ТРЕБУЮЩИЕ ПРОДОЛЖЕНИЯ
ПРИЧЕМ, — ВОЗМОЖНО, ПРОДОЛЖАЮЩИЕСЯ ПОВЫШЕННО
ПРИЧЕМ, — ЧУДОЧКИ.







TWO POLICE AIRBOATS ON THE THREE-CORNERED DECK — THE POLICE BOAT IS GIVEN CLOSE SCRUTINY AND AIRBOAT-THUGS LAMM VERS CUT...



AS THE GLS SURPRISED, DOOM FAMM HIS FORTY-LOW-HO TIME IN SHOOTING AIRBOATS AND HEADERS FOR THE OLD FUSION...



SHOOTING AHEAD OF THE OTHERS, DOOM STRIKES AN AIRBOAT! THE CHATTERING TRAIL OF A SUBMACHIN GUN SETTER HEM DRIVING FOR CORNER!

DEAL FEELS AS HE KITS THE TIEP — THREE, THREE TIMES HIS HEAVY AUTOMATIC, CORSE



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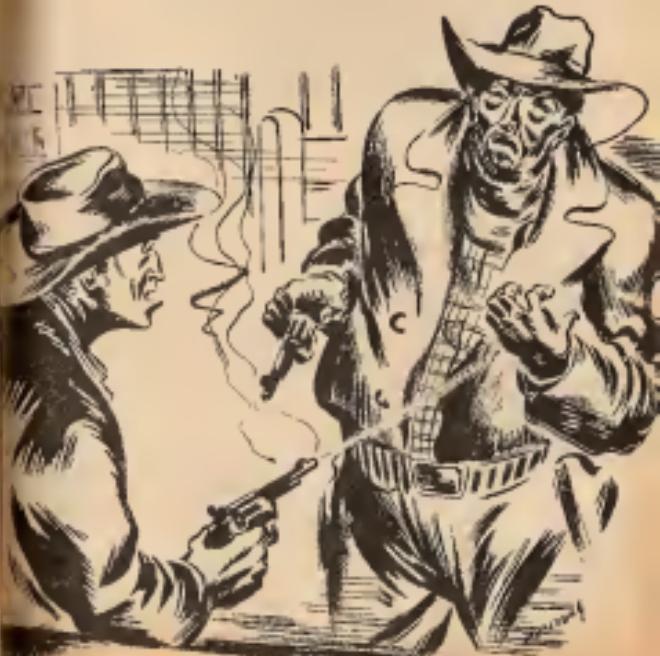
the shot and reached his own position.

Tack Wilson was a little man. Men who had known him had never been afraid of Tack. Nor had he been the one they would turn to in case of trouble, any kind of trouble. He had a sharp, dark little face, a forelock that was dark, a forelock that was quick, forehand and not long in one place. He was nimble, though Tack Wilson moved in the clever little ways that all clever little men have to keep

them from beneath the looks of the lazier, less-walking men who rule.

It was Tack Wilson's assurance that held him there now, above that man who had been staggered, whose blood still oozed, thrashing on it around with the pounding drive of that water. Even against the fear that paraded his face, Tack Wilson held, waiting out the rain in the sun beyond. The body had not been searched and when his first quick fear had faded, Tack's

Beneath the impact of shock the big man fell in loose collapse.



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brain told him that the killer would not walk. Whoever had fired the shot had wanted this man's death alone. Otherwise, Tock figured, he would have come across the killer himself, stopping the body.

Tock's conclusions were instantaneous and he ripped the sheath back from the prime body, snaring through the pocket's depths, finding the balise of money belt beneath the shirt and stripping it off. He deposited the articles he found in his own pockets, feeling now a different chill as he left the weight of the money belt, stuffing it in the middle bag on the mace and refitting up in a quick urgency that was surely conveyed to the waiting horses.

He rode off them, at a quicker pace than before. The day that had been dark grew light suddenly and the blood surged warm through the little fleshy body that had been shivering with the wet and the cold . . .

Running from trouble had become a habit with Tock, for he found it easier than fighting. And he had spent his life running. Few who had uppermost instinct, and it found him out almost daily, in unknown where he went in the hope, if not the expectation, of being caught a drifter in the streets, for the way of the drifter is hard and the effectiveness of sheriffs was well-known to him, in the places where he slept, and they were mostly slobbers from which he was usually locked out when discovered. But most of his running, although he didn't know it, had been from life itself.

He was a little man, and he had been kicked around. As a result, he had come to fear people—men with the physical fear of the coward or the thought of injury, but with the fear that is born in the timid. He had spent his life being educated, and he shrank from the prospect of meeting new rebuffs. He was a lonely man and a suspicious one. Yet he had not yet learned to be bitter.

Tock Wilson dropped down off the nose into Eureka's main street at dark. The man was still standing, making little pinpoints of glister outside the windows and doors of lighted buildings. The sloping street was a mass of mud and water. Traffic was light in the town. There was one moving shadow bearing his name. The animal strained against the heavily mooring weight of the freighter. Several men passed along the walk at either side to watch the doubtful outcome of the driver's attempt.

Light streamed from the town's four saloons. Though he'd not eaten in more hours than he remembered, Tock Wilson remained before the first and went up across the walk and through the bawling in quick, callous manner.

It had always been Tock Wilson's way to mount a place before he entered, making sure that things were rodent steady, and the chance of trouble was at a minimum. Tock Wilson could snuff trouble. He could tell it in the set of a man's shoulders, the glint of an eye, the tone of a jovial voice.

He knew, too, that whenever trouble stirred in his vicinity he was the one to get the duty end of the stick. The little man always was. And so he'd learned through the years to smell it before it smelled him—and to run.

But that night was different. He'd stroke openly to the bar, ordering his whisky without even noticing the shrapnel of the heavy bartender's glasses, downing his first drink without seeing the half-dozzen men along the plank before he realized the unconscious blemishes of his own manner.

Seven thousand dollars! The thought was a warm, unassociated happiness in his blood, along with the whisky. He'd stopped on there on the trail, counting with unceasing eyes the surounding sum in gold coin

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and crisp pillow-backed blfis. It was there now, across his skin beneath cotton shirt, vest and stockings.

Seven thousand dollars! He rolled the sound of the thought upon the tongue of his mind and even when he finally noticed the squinted glances of the other men, the old emotion talked to him.

Picture what money will do for a man. He grinned wryly at the thought. But there was something there, too, and he swayed suddenly, taking his second drink. A man—that's it! That's what money does! No damned whining around, buying a meal and a bed in somebody's bed! Money! A man! I'll bet these two-bit four-bladers couldn't show five hundred between 'em!

His eyes left around at the room along the bar and he realized that automatically, held not even bothered to look at the bartender, Mr. Tuck Wilson, to whom a bartender had always been authority! He remembered the years of knowing depths of the tactful, complementary approach he'd been in the belief of using in order to get a slice of crusty beef between two layers of stale bread from the free lunch counter in the dorms—no, the hundreds—of lunches back down the trail. He looked at the man now, reveling in the new-born freedom of his very different. And he poured another drink, almost automatically, challenging the harsh whiskey-burn as he rolled the raw liquor.

He sought the movement of his own reflection in the shiny mirror behind the bar there, and for the first time in his entire life, Tuck Wilson met and held the glance he saw there. The narrow, weary face. A rather predatory nose. The eyes—How was the revelation!

Tuck stood there, feeling the hot glow of whisky in his blood, his freshly grown power and confidence. It came to him that he had never



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looked at any one thing for any
 length of time. He had never realized
 the sparkling, black quality of his
 own eyes, when held. He was re-
 membering the look of men he had
 avoided, causing trouble, domination;
 and remembering that the look of
 their eyes had been steady and un-
 shifting as his were now.

"Thank me, master."

As he'd stood there looking into
 the salver, a heavy-bosomed, middle-
 aged man in rough man's clothes
 had moved along the bar, stopping
 an arm's length from Tack, stopping
 his breath. "But it'd
 sure pleasure me to buy you a
 drink."

Tack looked the man up and down,
 slowly, curiously. It came to him
 that he'd never looked at a man the
 way he was looking at this one. Now
 he'd done so unconsciously, as though
 it were his right to question the
 pretensions of any man to speak to him.
 Seven thousand dollar Brother,
 you're fat!

He almost grinned at the man, any-
 way. "Don't mind if I do, pardner.
 Right as well be wet inside as out."

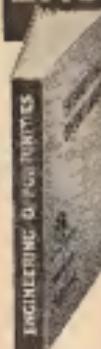
And the man was talking then,
 small talk, about some kind of trouble
 the miners were having—mined one
 being high-graded from the stock
 pile, shootings. But Tack was only
 half-listening.

"You're a man, Wilson. Good as the
 rest! Better, by seven thousand dol-
 lars!"

He looked at the man's lined face,
 conscious now of his own direct gaze,
 and now that the man was waiting, as
 though for an answer. He'd not been
 listening to the man's words and now,
 for the first time since coming into
 the saloon, he felt a tush of the old
 uneasiness, not knowing what to say,
 and he kept his glasses from sliding
 away only with a pull of effort. But
 the older man only smiled and re-
 peted:

"I told we kind of been expecting
 you, Miner Taylor—one and the rest

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of the boys. I ain't surprised now that you're kind of look-up like, figuring the circumstances and all. I—" For a moment he stammered. "I'd like to say we're sure glad to see you, and me, well, I'd just like to shake the hand of the man who's going to get Curt Room?"

And it all came flooding back then—the old oilfield, the tatteredness And above it all, the sure smell of trouble. In spite of himself Tuck Wilson could not hold his gaze on the older man's face. He left the blood rush into his features and exploded, almost blindly, for the glass on the bar.

The whisky was burning in his throat, the drinks had already taken and the heavy remainder of the belt around his middle bringing the new confidence up. And his own will dynamized in buried against the weakness. He took the man's rough hand in his grip, forcing a grin as he nodded silently.

The ranger and his name was Bill Bim and before Bim could stop him he was calling in the other men about the bar and Tuck's hand was being shaken by one man after the other. Jeffers, Dundas, Bvenson and even the beets-breasted barkeep was reaching a mighty hand across the bar and muting his name was Dowski.

"We are most sorry about Ross putting your lad Brother that way, Blackie."

"You sir, Blackie. We thought mighty high of young Tom Taylor in them parts."

"I was just tellin' Jeff here Blackie Taylor's show 'fore another week was out," Dowski was saying across the bar. "I guess you'll fetch what Curt Room started that time in Elk City, eh, Blackie?"

The lights were on the house and Tuck Wilson, unspakng but busy with bottle and glass, was feeling the fame and restoring the respect of one Blackie Taylor whose younger brother

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**PRINCIPAL HUNTINGTON,
W. Va.**

PRINCIPAL HUNTINGTON,
W. Va.

had been killed and who, flushed himself for his courage and intimacy with the singer, had come to avenge the curse upon the person of his old enemy of silk City days. Carl Ross

But the whole thing was redundant to Tack Wilson, the old unshaven, avaricious and fear-burdened beneath uncounted shades of ruddy brown and the knowledge of the seven thousand dollars about his want. The black eyes registered in the darkness of Tack Wilson's face, and eyes peeped through the barways as the words went down the street and the little man was a ban for the night.

Walking, Tack Wilson glissaded in half-closed realms, swaying his fury tongue distastefully about the moist dryness of his mouth. He had thrashed ranks with the first strong movement of his body, and the old familiarity of a violent hang-over.

The moment. He jerked upright, oblivious to aching head and sudden, dank taste. Only when the sharp, moist touch of numerous fingers clamped on the belt at his navel did his nameless shoulders sag back in relief. Feeling each compartment of the canvas belt, he assured himself that the seven thousand had not been tampered with. Now that his first anxiety was gone, he saw that he was entombed upright in the heavy maw of an iron-clad belt in a small, well-stained room that had all the earmarks of a hotel room.

Memory came then, in flashes along with the instant return of throbbing headache, the sudden growing conviction of his stupor. He was fully dressed, he noted, although someone had removed his boots. That forty-four was there beneath the pillow.

But he reviled now the body he'd found, and his own boastful collaboration in allowing Gold and Dawson and the others to take him for another man—another man who was

started to seek out Curt Ross and kill him.

“KID here?“ Took Wilson’s eyes stiffly suddenly to the window where the pale light of day filtered through the crooked blind. “Today, I guess get out of here. Thought of the unknown Carl Ross and his gang recklessly against the shrubbing of his head had come off the bed, and he cursed himself bitterly, thinking of the fool had been. That seven thousand’ll do you a lot of good. Wilson, with you shot as full of holes you wouldn’t blow away in a berry wind!

He was suddenly shaking, he sensed. Telling himself it was only the liquor, he reached back for a boot beneath the bed. He found his the bottle and it went over, there beneath the bed, his eyes widening in sudden thankfulness as he brought it up, seeing it was over half full.

The whisky was raw and pungent. For a moment his stomach revolted and he didn't think it'd stay down. He crossed to the well in a quick stride and took a mouthful of stale water from the pitcher on the stand. You gotta eat, man. Eat and get the hell out of town.

But the whisky was warm and alive, now, in his stomach, creeping into his blood. He took another drink, without the water, found the bottle, and put it on. He found his hat and had another drink, standing there by the door. The bottle was still a quarter full, and he heaved.

Hell, man, what's the matter with you? You *not* even thousand dollars.

The thought and the hunger were both warm, and as Tuck Wilson stepped quickly into the hall he brushed softly and squeezed the narrow shoulders beneath his coat.

Downstairs, he had a moment's hesitation in the building men behind the counter, whom he never remembered seeing before, nodded and said "Good afternoon, Mr. Taylor. I trust you slept well."

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"All right, I guess," Tack said. He couldn't help but notice the man's expression of respect, and in spite of his worry about Curt Ross, he felt again the confidence he'd had the night before. "Somebody stabs my horse?"

"Mr. Bush attended to it, Mr. Taylor." The man nodded again.

As he went to the door, Tack saw that the man was still coming down, making the street outside move like a river than ever. He slungshot into the worn slacks he owned, stepping into the man. And as he felt the slithering winter hat, he thought again of the fallen man, dead, the rain bursting into the sudden blackness of him as he lay in the mud of an unknown ravine.

In spite of himself he was thinking of the respect and good fellowship he himself had received as a result of being taken for the dead man. There was no doubt in Tack's mind but what the dead man actually was Blaske Taylor. The dead man had been slightly built, his hair as black as Tack's own.

Blaske Wilson might have realized suddenly, realizing he was standing in the middle of town at broad daylight, Get a move on! This Ross and his backwoods' habie to show up and start blarney before you know what it's all about!

But he'd hardly turned when he heard the man's voice call, a couple of doors further down. Wilson, you're going to feel around and see if this Blaske Taylor guy killed twice, only the second time he'll be you! Tack turned, unable to avoid Bill Bush's unkind jocularity as the older man came along the walk.

"Well, well, had quite a sleep, eh?" The man's hand was on his shoulder, almost preparing Tack to curse the swinging doors of the saloon. "Gone you had a pretty tough ride the last few days, though, Blaske. Couple more of the boys I'd like you to meet

in here. Guess you could stand a little eye-opener after last night, too, eh?"

The man's laugh was hearty as they pushed into the saloon. Half a dozen men were lined along the bar, Dennis's charity form mounted up behind. And again Tack Wilson was looking hands, noticing as men called him by a dead man's name. For the first few minutes Tack felt the urge to run.

A black-bearded, honey-shouldered shank of a man was saying, "It sure did my heart good to hear about you runnin' Blaske outta Elk City the way you did, Blaske. He's a thievin', back-shootin' shank and there ain't no two ways about it. And if you need any help handlin' him today, you no sure as thunder count on me."

Bill Bush's hand was on Tack's shoulder again as he stood beside the little man. "Save, boy, Blaske knows we're on with him, but that isn't the way he works. Blaske Taylor don't need no help. Why he's so fast with a gun you wouldn't believe it if you saw it with your own eyes."

It was some time after the fourth drink that Tack Wilson got thinking about the necessity to leave town. The whisky was in him, all right, but it wasn't so much that, either Blaske Taylor was beginning to get him.

Because of the fact that the entire conversation was nothing but a running commentary on the life and deeds of Blaske Taylor, Tack Wilson could hardly pass the backslapping.

He couldn't get it out of his mind that Blaske Taylor, too, had been a little man. As he looked up he saw his reflection again before him in the back-bar mirror. Automatically, his eyes went away from the glass he saw there. But he caught himself at it, training his eyes back, studying himself again so he had the right bearing.

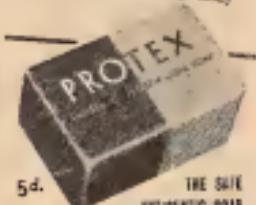
But this time, in spite of the whisky, in spite of the respect and admiration of the other men, it was no good



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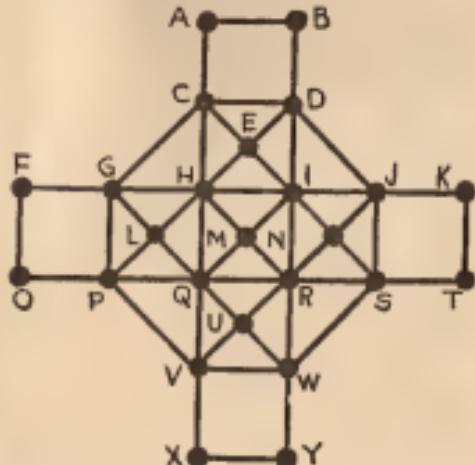
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A SURPRISING number of squares can be traced out in this geometric design. Take, for example, the central hexagon. Here you find eighteen squares of various sizes, thanks to the diagonals drawn in.

The problem is to destroy all the squares shown in the design by re-

moving any of the points which are lettered (the letters are there for your convenience in finding the solutions). Once a point is removed, any line leading to it is null and void.

Only seven points need be removed to destroy all the squares shown. Can you find these seven points?

Crypto Treasure Hunt

THE students of Alabam college were having a treasure hunt. All manner of different groups of students chased about the campus, following one misleading clue after another. Then they came up against a brick wall. Directly for the place where the last clue had been, were the side walls of the lecture hall. It bore these letters chiseled there by their professor, who got up the measure last to test their wits:

B L S
U A B

D L S
N N U

S S S S S

Algonquin Sputius analyzed and read the clue carefully and with immediate to the treasure's hiding place. For Sputius recognized that as a simple problem in cryptarithmics.

If you substitute the digits from one to nine for these letters so as to make an intelligent multiplication example of them, then the letters arranged in the order of their corresponding digits will name the hiding place of the treasure.

Figure by Deduction

WILSON, Johnson and Tolson are cycle enthusiasts. Recently they

made a trip from Ayerstown to Greenville. It was agreed that they would not necessarily keep together on the way.

They started on Saturday and such must last four days to complete the journey. Their daily mileage during the trip were:

10-21-26-22-12-12
14-17-43-49-11-21

Johnson pedaled an increasing mileage on each of his four days, while Wilson covered an equal distance on the first and fourth days and the distance for the third day beat Wilson by five miles, and on Tuesday, Wilson beat his Saturday's run by eight miles.

From the foregoing clues, you should be able to work out the daily mileage of each man. What are they?

Dividing the Wine

CARLOS has 22 wine casks. Seven are full, seven are half full and seven are empty. He is giving up his vineyard business and wishes to divide the casks and wine among three friends. He wants to do this without mixing wine by transferring wine from one cask to another, and he wishes each friend to have an equal amount of wine and also an equal number of casks. How can Carlos arrange the division? Solve this without pencil and paper, if you can.

SOLUTIONS

GETTING RID OF THESE SQUARES

Solutions: Remove D, I, K, M, P, U, V. No squares will then remain.

CRYPTO TREASURE HUNT

Solution: Translating the letters of the cryptogram into multiplication, DLS becomes 400, ILS becomes 300, SLS becomes 200, and TSL becomes 100. Then substituting the letters according to the cipher, the order spells the words BY JUNGAL, the location of the treasure.

FIGURE BY DEDUCTION

Solutions: Johnson—Fifty-six, forty-nine,

seventy-five, ninety-four, Wilson, seventy-one, eighty-two, thirty, seventy-one, thirty-one, seventy-nine, forty-nine, sixty-five, eighty-four.

DIVIDING THE WINE

Solution: There are four ways he can do this. One: Give the friends A, B and C one full cask, two half-filled casks, two empty casks, and one one-half-filled cask. Two: Give A one full cask, one empty cask and one half-filled cask. The other way is to give A and B each three full casks, one half-filled, one empty cask, and to give C one filled cask, one half-filled cask and one empty cask.



"And leave my pants alone . . . this match is being released!"



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